THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. 9.

——Bellum quoque sæpe solebat
Spectare, equé illà rigidi certamina Martis.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

ALTHOUGH in all the planets, I was enabled, by the peculiarity of my earthly education,* to comprehend the language used, yet nowhere was it so perfectly intelligible to me, as in the world where I now arrived. No tedious circumlocutions were employed to express and obscure the simple idea, as it originated in the mind, but it found an easy channel through the exclamations and interjections that appeared to compose the whole extent of language. One word is equal to a hundred, if uttered with due emphasis, and accompanied with proper expression and animation of countenance; and the enlightened residents of Mars are endowed with powers of pronunciation, that our earth-born fancies cannot possibly conceive. What volumes of Rhetorick, then, would they not have preserved, were it not that they are so eternally employed in speaking, as to deprive them of leisure to meditate or write! Such were my first impressions; I found afterwards that I was somewhat mistaken.

My introduction was rather inauspicious. Observing several persons engaged warmly in conversation, and expressing themselves most audibly, I ventured to approach, from motives of innocent curiosity, when they gazed furiously upon me, and uttered expressions of violence, impressing me with the ideas of every opprobrious epithet that can be imagined. I very humbly began to apologize for my intrusion, but each one seemed to gain, from my humility, new ardour and anxiety to inflict a chastisement, for what I supposed, at most, a venial fault. The very extravagance of their rage, however, preserved me from in-

* If my friend means that he was taught language in *Nature's Method*, his assertion must prove ruinous to the late ingenious philosopher, who supposes himself to be the first that discovered the art. The dark treatises of Condorcet and Locke could not possibly have effected the purpose; and the recent monument of madness, on the subject, did not illumine the world until long after the education of my friend was finished. "*Tantæ componere lites!*"

jury; for their ire was soon aroused against one another, for interfering with that which each conceived his privilege, exclusively to perform. They all produced weapons, terrible in appearance, and, seemingly, horrid in their potency: their countenances blazed with fury, and their eyes shed streams of fire. With these appearances of destructive anger, they approached one another, leaving me a cool spectator of their conduct. All the weapons were struck together at the same moment, when a smoke was emitted, and each intrepid champion marched in triumph from the bloodless field.† After witnessing this encounter, so furious, yet so little fatal, I felt some reluctance at addressing others that I met, apprehensive of similar treatment, and wandered along shunning too near an approach of the numerous heroes that surrounded me.

I saw many battles similar to that I have described, and always observed, that the noisiest and most ardent in quarrel were they whose vehemence soonest abated on the approach of danger.‡ Satiated, at length, with the repetion of these occurrences, I began to wish for some person with whom I might converse and from whom I might receive information with respect to the curious scenes passing before my view. On a sudden, the fierceness that a moment before had glowed so terribly on the brow of every one, subsided into the meekest lenity; a pallor usurped the place of the fiery redness of the cheeks, and trembling weakness agitated their Herculean limbs. An electrick shock could not have operated more instantaneously, or with greater effect. Every energy seemed paralyzed, and sufficient exertion only remained to enable them to steal into obscurity, and conceal themselves in the first hiding-places they could find.

The cause of this miraculous transition appeared. It was a soldier of majestick mien, and manly countenance. His face exhibited the finest combination of mildness and severity; of intelligence and modesty; of determined resolution, and graceful affability. His person was formed for dignity and ease. He seemed unconscious of the effects of his presence upon the minions that fled at his approach, yet pity and contempt were faintly marked in his features. I felt a reverence and love that convinced me I need fear no insult, and I addressed him with confidence. He received me with elegant cordiality; he perceived that I was a stranger, and declared that to be a passport to his heart. I was at ease in a moment: the feelings occasioned by my former treatment were instantly dispelled, and affection was engendered with admiration. My inquiries were freely made and as freely answered. The difference so conspicuous between himself and his fellow beings, the nature of their existence, their government, and their employments were objects of my anxious curiosity. All were thus explained:

"The subjects of our monarch, whose sway is absolute, are divided into two great classes, perfectly distinct, and separate from each other. They whom you first beheld, constitute one division, to the other I have the happiness to belong. Our employment is war, and war is perpetually maintained among the different nations that dwell on the globe. Those who are devoted to this pursuit are actuated by a principle of the purest, noblest, and most

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† There are many of these captain Parolles, or Bobadils, in society; but the Bobadils of a certain administration are the most conspicuous in *this* world. Perhaps, in the plenitude of their sagacity, they deem it just and wise to fright their adversaries with threats they never mean to execute.

Utilius bellum putat esse minari,
Quam gerere; atque suas ipse præconsumere vires.

‡ Such are they who, as Mercutio says, "would quarrel with a man for having a hair more or less in his beard; or for cracking nuts, because they have hazle-eyes; or for coughing in the street so as to awake their dog; who are as full of quarrel as an egg is of meat, and yet have been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling."

animating kind; a principle that enables us to glory in the loss of liberty, or life, when demanded by our country, because it will forever enliven the laurel that adorns our tombs; a principle, whose undeviating observance prevents the necessity of using our swords against each other, and directs them only to the general foe.§ This ruling deity is HONOUR; from its precepts we never swerve, its laws we never disobey. As its consequences, it produces fidelity and virtue, firmness in action, urbanity in deportment, and integrity in trust. Faithful to our duty, we boast not of our deeds; for, if truly brilliant, no obscurity can conceal, no darkness hide them long; and if at first covered by malice, or envy, they will, at length, shine forth with the greater splendour. Honour is our incentive, and fame our bright reward.‖ The hope of living forever in the remembrance of posterity, sooths the bitterest tortures, and alleviates every care. You have seen, 'tis true, different characters. The wretches you just now beheld are inferiour beings, whom the luxuriant soil has thrown up from its corrupted bed. Like vapours, they rise up to fright the hour of darkness, and, like vapours, vanish at the approach of day. Possessed of no feelings, and capable of no good actions, they flutter, for a moment, in the sunshine, boast, frown, and menace, then sink into the ground and putrify, until a genial warmth revivifies them to curse the world again. They sometimes disguise themselves in borrowed robes, and, by concealing their real character, obtain appointments worthy of different objects, but soon as danger, or death appears in view, their trappings fall away, and they crumble into their native dust."

I expressed my surprize that among nations composed of such beings as himself, and his associates, wars should exist at all, when so correct was their demeanour as to preclude the necessity of hostility, and to preserve eternal harmony and peace. 'If,' said he, 'we were all such, the cause of your wonder would exist no more. But unfortunately, they compose but a small proportion, compared with the myriads who differ from them. Injuries are committed, and insults given by the weak, the vitious, and the timid, who leave the toils and dangers of war to those with whom it did not originate. Besides, long and uninterrupted custom has enabled us to brave its fury with serenity, and smile, with conscious purity, on its ravages, convinced that we caused them not. Our nature is so constituted, that we must die in battle; we have, therefore, every incentive to surround our fall with the splendid light of glory. You may, if you please, soon witness a contest, in which thousands will pass serenely through the iron gates of death; but if you do remain, you must share their fate.' I could not but adore this hero; he was more than mortal. But as the loss of my discoveries would be too serious to the world, I felt obliged, however reluctantly, to bid him and his fellow-champions adieu.

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§ "From the time of Henry IV's coming to the throne of France, to the year 1607," says the Duc de Sully, "4000 French gentlemen were killed in duels." Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV*, observes, that for twenty years after the reign of Francis I, although ten of them were years of war, yet more gentlemen fell in duels than in publick combat. One of the most remarkable of these battles was that between the Duc de Beaufort, and the Duc de Nemours. Each brought four friends to the field, who fought at the same time with their principals. The combat proved fatal to the Duc de Nemours, and his second, the Marquis de Villars, killed his adversary, Hericourt, whom he had never seen before; and against whom, of course, he could have entertained no enmity. The French are a people, "*nonnunquam sine Marte*."

‖ Among the stars, as well as on earth, honour resides chiefly in monarchies. Montesquieu was right in asserting that it was the spirit of such a government. It is not, by any means, *procul dubio*, that he had correct ideas of the spirit of a democracy; if he had lived in this enlightened nineteenth century, he would have found it to be—economy, or if I may say so without a solecism,—pusillanimity.

For The Port Folio.

AN EXAMINATION

Of the causes that have retarded the progress of literature in The United States.

(*Continued from page* 346.)

It is not difficult to account for the slight regard shown to literature in the United States. Notoriously, the characteristick spirit of our people is commercial, and wherever it predominates, pursuits, not auxiliary to its purposes, are in low estimation. The soul, engaged in the acquisition of money is narrowed to the exclusion of every other impulse.

"Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus."

Avarice, is one of those dominant passions, which eradicates, at once, generous feeling, and noble sentiment. It is the *Bohun Upas* of the mind, which suffers no intellectual vegetation within its noxious sphere.

In such a state of society, property becomes the criterion of eminence, and the means of power. Those, who might be enlisted into the service of the muses, and who would not disgrace it, are in consequence diverted into the path only which leads to consideration: and, literature, derelict, and forlorn, is consigned with her kindred arts, to loneliness and insignificance; to pine neglected and despised.

The violence of our political dissensions may contribute to the same effect. The contests of parties, if duly restrained, arouse, undoubtedly, mental activity, and are not altogether hostile to letters. But when pushed to an intemperate extreme, the publick attention is estranged from the tranquil haunts of learning, and its mild delights, to the pending scenes of tumultuous excitement.

These acrimonious divisions are no less mischievous, by destroying the harmony which ought to subsist among literary men. With common views, they should establish a confederacy to promote them. But, in the season of political contention, they are often led into the field, arrayed under opposite banners, to war against their mutual interests. In such conflicts, talents are, at least, lent to the temporary and immaterial concerns of party, which otherwise might be employed in enterprises of general utility, and extensive duration. They occasion prejudices also, rancorous and illiberal, which, deceiving judgment, induce an uncandid estimate of literary merit, and a partial and capricious appropriation of its honours and emoluments.

The tribunals of criticism becoming corrupted, its decisions are no longer respected, and literature degenerates, and runs in a feeble and turbid stream.

Connected with that want of patronage, which we have deplored, and perhaps arising out of it, are our *defective schemes of education.* Few will deny that it is rare to meet, even among our most leading characters, with the extent and profundity of erudition, or those literary accomplishments incident to the scholars of Europe. The causes of our inferiority cannot be mistaken. Confessedly, the system of education adopted in every seminary of the country is superficial, and the space allowed for its completion improperly limited. From it, some branches of knowledge which are essential to a liberal education are entirely excluded, and even those retained, are not thoroughly taught. Thus, in many of the colleges, the physical sciences, the least dubious sources of intellectual opulence are neglected, and in no one, is Classical learning adequately appreciated or studied. Through the prescribed course of instruction, the Student is carried with such precipitation, that he catches in his hurried progress but a glimpse of the surface, and leaves untouched what, lying deep and hidden can only be gained by patient research, and long continued application.

To the neglect of Classical learning, we are disposed, especially, to attribute the depravity of style, which, too often taints not less the oral, than the written productions of the country. Eloquence, we have before remarked, has found a congenial soil in the United States. In vigour of reasoning

originality of thought, or boldness of ornament, the publick speaking of our country, has never been excelled. But when we come critically to analyze it, and to try it, by a standard severe and accurate, we shall see its diction turgid and redundant, without the delicate embellishments of a correct taste, or the polish of an exquisite finish. With as much force, these strictures apply to our written compositions. Though bearing sometimes proofs of genius, rich and luxuriant, they are clothed, for the most part, with a drapery of uncouth deformity and wild licentiousness.

We shall not stop here, to vindicate at length, the utility of classical learning. It has indeed been sufficiently confirmed by the experience of ages, and by the sanction of indisputable authority. Was it not the recovery of the Classicks, which dispelled the dominion of ignorance and barbarism, and introduced the reign of civility and manners into Europe?

Have we heard of Classical literature being contemned or repudiated in those schools, where the human mind has been most highly improved?—Who, of those illustrious men that have widened the horizon of knowledge, and raised an unperishable monument of literary glory, has denied its importance, or refused to cultivate it. All, on the contrary, have united to declare, that the writings of Greece and Rome, which have descended to us, contain the soundest canons of criticism, and the most perfect models of taste; and have done equal homage to their influence in chastening the productions of the moderns.

To the puny objections which have been urged against Classical learning, we mean not to reply. Unanimity is not to be expected on any subject.—There will always exist some Thersites to cavil, and Zoilus to censure. But, these invectives have more commonly come from flimsy sciolists, who like an Atilla, or an Omar, would invade the districts of refinement, destroy with deadly hate the accumulated lore of antiquity, and overwhelm all that is great and beautiful in literature.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

REMARKS ON THE EPOPŒA.

Mr. Oldschool, if the following remarks be found to be neither *too strange* nor *too unaccountable*—your giving them a place in The Port Folio, may amuse some, and excite the inquiry of others of your readers.

If the object and end of all Poetry be to please and to instruct, and if the Epick, which is of the highest kind, be particularly established on that basis, it becomes a matter of not idle speculation or useless inquiry to examine *how* we are instructed, and *why* we are pleased by the distinguished writings, which claim our attention in this way.

The ordinary and proper business of Epick Poetry, is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or as the criticks express it, to excite admiration. In order to do this in any tolerable degree, characters must be magnified, and accommodated, rather to our notions of heroick greatness than to the real state of human nature; hence the use of fiction: for if admiration is to be excited by setting before us images of whatever is great and noble in the human character, it is necessary, for this purpose, that the Poet should give his heroes, not only all those intrinsick qualities which make men admired, but that he should magnify them likewise by a skilful management of outward circumstances.

We do not form our notions of persons or things, from their real qualities only; circumstances of a foreign nature, and merely accessory have as great an influence as *these* in determining our approbation and dislike. This would show the importance of mythology to Epick Poetry, for nothing can render a person of greater consequence in the eye of the world than the opinion that superiour powers regard him with a peculiar degree of attention, and are much interested in all that relates to him. Of persons thus considered as the favourites of Heaven, or as chosen for the accomplishment of its im-

portant purposes, poets may say such great things, and represent as performing such high exploits as would appear ridiculous if represented in the character of real history. This argument in favour of poetical mythology, with another which might be taken from the advantage it has in point of ornament, and a third from its use in allegory, have determined almost all the Epick writers to allow it a place in their compositions, and it is to the manner in which this poetical license has been used that the following observations will apply.

The personification of the Divine attributes, by making subordinate duties of them, to direct human actions, and to produce physical effects is an invention for which we are indebted to Homer: and it may be questioned whether any invention, which the efforts of human genius, in succeeding ages has produced in this way, has ever equalled it. We do not say that Homer made the best use of his own invention, or it may be, that we do not understand his Theology, for it *seems* to be a texture of Fables, which represent the Divine nature under images, by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.—But that his Mythology can be used in a way prefectly consistent with the sublimest morality, and to the purpose of high poetical ornament and use, has been made apparent by the excellent Archbishop of Cambray, in his Adventures of Telemachus.

But the object of the present remarks is to endeavour to show that the *true God* should never be introduced in the machinery of the Epick Poem. Horace has already said

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.

And if these gods should never be made to appear but on the most important occasions, who are only the personification of the attributes of wisdom, fortitude, &c. and these again the creatures of human intellect, surely it may with propriety be affirmed that the Supreme Being should not on any occasion be made an agent or interlocutor in such representations—for the imagination being a faculty that apprehends nothing in the way of character that is not human, and according to the analogy of that nature of which we ourselves are conscious, so, to represent the Deity in this manner and contrive for him a method of acting and particular sentiments must deserve another epithet than Reverence or Piety.—If the Mahometan Caliph who was requested to decide whether the Alexandrian Library should be preserved or not, said that if the books there, contained *only* what accorded with the *Doctrines* of the *Koran*, they were superfluous; and if they contained any thing contrary thereto they were obnoxious, and therefore ought to be destroyed. Surely it may with great propriety be said, that when the Supreme Being has condescended to accommodate himself to the capacities of weak and ignorant mortals, by a revelation of his will, it must be more than superfluous to attempt to add to that Revelation, and presume to do that for him which he only has a right to do for himself.

It will, no doubt, be observed, that against this reasoning there can be produced the authority of great literary characters; Milton, Klopstock, and Cumberland, in their respective Epick Poems of Paradise Lost, Messiah and Calvary, have adopted the plan, which is here arraigned, and that it looks much like temerity or vanity, to challenge the propriety of that which has received such general approbation. To this we answer that we consider the Paradise Lost of Milton, as the greatest effort of human genius, and the most sublime of all sacred Poems. Its beauties are above our praise, and we have been accustomed to approach them with an admiration almost bordering on idolatry, but let not the faults of the authour, be thrown into the shade, for the purpose of enhancing the lustre of his genius, when thrown into competition with a more unexceptionable model.—He wants no such injudicious aid, nor would the negative praise of avoiding his blemishes, constitute a fund of merit, to those whose genius and ambition may lead them to emulate his inventive powers, though they may successfully avoid his errours. We cannot but regret the representation of the Supreme

Being, as discussing the subtleties of School Divinity, whether it be after the manner of Thomas Aquinas, as in the 3d book, or as endeavouring to settle the difference between Calvin and Arminius, afterwards. These disquisitions, though excellent in themselves are improper, if not impious, when made to proceed from the Deity, as if the narrowness of human prejudice could furnish a *dictum* for the Divine nature. If the introduction of the Deity became requisite from the design of the poem, his conduct and sentiments should have had their prescript from Scripture solely, and not from commentators. With little less reluctance, do we undertake to find fault with Mr. Cumberland, to whom the literary world are so much indebted.

We would cheerfully join in the praise bestowed by two criticks of high authority, Dr. Drake and the authour of the Pursuits of Literature, who both concur in assigning him a very distinguished rank both for his talents and literary attainments. Of his various works the late Epick Poem of Calvary is not the least distinguished. The first mentioned critick says, that "it is inbued with the genuine spirit of Milton, and therefore destined most probably to immortality, the sentiments (says he) of the superhuman agents are replete with Miltonick vigour and sumblimity, but there is something very dreadful, and we trust something very much misapprehended in dwelling upon the idea of *eternal torments;* in teaching that far the greater part of the human race will liquify in fire through everlasting ages. In the 7th book, myriads of miserable beings are represented as plunged into perpetual and unmitigated flames,

——— "that sparkling blaz'd
"Up to the iron roof, &c.
"*Who for mercy call,*
"*Age after age implored and still deny'd.*"

And here, as if the Deity must act according to the narrowness of human conception, or to the dogmas which *school divinity* inculcates, "Our Saviour at the sight of these agonizing wretches is described as drawing from his soul

"A sigh of natural pity as from man
"To man, although in merited distress,

But this it seems, was a transient sensation—for soon:

"His human sympathy gave place,
"To judgment better weigh'd—and riper thoughts,
"*Congenial with the God-head.*"

"From conceptions such as these the soul shrinks back with horrour—incredulity alone can sooth the pain it suffers; for that sin and torture should be eternal, can neither accord with the justice or mercy of the Deity; and that a Being so loving to mankind, so melting soft to pity as our Saviour is always *represented in Scripture*, should, in his Divine nature, throw off every particle of compassion, would appear to many and devout Christians, and who seek out their Salvation with fear and trembling, to convert the God they should adore and love, (by this representation) into a perfect Demon.—Fortunately (he adds) an opinion so repulsive is neither accordant with reason nor our Religion,"—and then undertakes to subvert the foundation on which such a sentiment is raised. It is more than metaphorically true, that Death is the offspring of sin: and though Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death, as well as his Metaphysicks, and abstruse Theology may not have their proper place in an Epick Poem, yet are they in themselves relatively of distinguished excellence. Cumberland however, in consonance to the above received opinion, is obliged to consider death rather as the symbolical power that preys upon mortality, than the symbol of future punishment. He seemed to have forgot that the Apostle had said that "the wages of Sin is Death" as opposed to the reward of "Eternal Life" (immediately subjoined) to those not under its influence.

But the same authority says, that "*Death* the last enemy shall be destroyed."—If so, Sin must be destroyed, and then is misery not eternal. Indeed, we might well suppose, that the Deity, whose every dispensation, both in Nature and Revelation seems directed to effectuate the happiness of the subjects of his moral government, will find a way to destroy sin,

and save the sinner ;—for he has said that "sin is the thing that he hates ;" and that "he wills that all men should be saved," &c.

But should this adversary finally frustrate the purpose of his mercy, by holding in eternal and irremeable misery the far greater part of the human species, then may *Calvary* become a dirge, or funeral ditty to *Paradise Lost*, and elegies of lamentation be sung, instead of hosannas for Paradise Regained.

How much more consolatory is it to view the truths of religion when dressed in another garb, and when we can have as much confidence in the commentator. The late celebrated Cowper, who for learning, genius, and piety, was inferiour to few, after accompanying the prophecy of inspiration into the vista of futurity, where impiety and dissension are viewed as giving place to universal righteousness and peace, adds,

"Thus heavenward all things tend for; all were once
Perfect; and *all must be at length restored*—
So God has greatly purposed, who would else
In his dishonoured works, himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged, without redress.

TASK b. 6.

If our readers are now prepared to charge us with leaving our subject for Theological disquisition, we will resume more particularly the consideration of the machinery of the Epopœa. In the first part of our observations, we admitted the usefulness, in a considerable degree, of a Poetical Mythology to the successful management of an Epick Poem; although Lord Kaimes and others argue differently—and although some attempts have been made in the Epopœa to leave it out. We have also endeavoured to deny the propriety of introducing *the true God*, into this machinery, either as an actor, or interlocutor; because it seems impossible to confine imputed speeches of this kind within the prescript of Revelation,—and for actions suitable, human nature is inadequate to judge.

To this opinion, we may, probably, not have many adherents, as it may not have become much a subject of consideration. We have, however, one good authority—the famous Boileau, who in speaking on the same subject, comprehends the substance of it in two lines :—

"Et fabuleux Chrêtiens, n'allons point, dans nos songes,
Du Dieu de Vérité, faire un Dieu des mensonges.

Whether the nations of the East have had a Poetical Mythology, detached from the Zindavista, the Shaster, and Koran, or deduced from their respective systems of religion, or indeed, whether any of their poets attempted the regular Epick, we know not, having only seen some of their Lyrick effusions, &c., as translated by Sir William Jones and others, from the Persick and Arabick.

The nations of Northern Europe had their respective systems of Mythology. Tradition it would appear furnished the Gothick Scalds of Scandinavia, and the Celtick bards of ancient Caledonia, with materials of Mythology suitable for the purposes of the Epopœa, as appears by the Edda, and by the Poems of Ossian. The Welch also had their respective creed in preternatural agency. Indeed, various are the kinds of belief in the power of supernatural agents: yet it is to be hoped, that however useful this kind of machinery may be to the conduct of the Epick Poem, none will be found to favour the introduction of that which may extenuate our exalted ideas of the truths of our Religion and reverence of the Deity.

QUIDAM.

For The Port Folio.

AN INDIAN PLAGIARIST.

The following anecdote has run its merry round through most of the newspapers, and has been acknowledged with vast applause, as a new and splendid proof of *Savage* sagacity and genius. It seems to be the mode of late, so nobly jealous are we of our country's honour, to consider an Indian and an American with an equal

eye, and to boast of the talents of a Wabash with as loud a tone of vaunting as the Bostonians, ever employed in recounting the glories of the fifth of March, or the fourth of July. In publick and private, we have expressed all our scorn for Indian pretensions, and Indian principles. The luxury of Literature, the highest polish of civilized life, and not the torpid existence of a bear, are the objects of our admiration. Shakspeare, describing the travels of a *Gentleman*, remarks, with great propriety, that he will hear *sweet discourse*, and CONVERSE WITH NOBLEMEN. This should be the ambition of a Cavalier, and not to listen to the owls and war-whoop of a Western Wilderness. An Indian is a *natural brute beast*. He has not so much sensibility as the wolf he kills. He is neither an oratour, nor a poet, nor a musician. Between him and the bear that growls through the forest, there is a perfect resemblance. Like him, for half the season he is torpid, and like him, he presents every image of dulness, ruggedness, and ferocity. Let us strive to imitate OXFORD SCHOLARS and accomplished courtiers, and babble no more about Cherokees. Let *Cornplanter* remain involved in the smoke of his wigwam. Let *Red Jacket* drink in peace his rum from *New* England, and *Little Billy* sleep in the woods undisturbed; but, for God's sake, my dear American brethren, whether ye be red or white; whether ye make foolish speeches at a town-meeting, or hold a *lengthy* talk at a council fire, do not ostentatiously boast of barbarism, nor plume yourselves upon stupidity.

As, ever since the frugal days of Dr. Franklin, of original memory, it is fashionable to *avail ourselves*, as it is genteelly expressed, of all the light we can obtain from Europe, the sagacious Indian who makes such a glorious figure in the subsequent paragraph, and whose profound intelligence and "accuracy of observation" are themes of admiration among his *white brethren of the East*, is likewise condescending enough to *borrow* a little wisdom. As we were diverting our melancholy, the other day, with the delightful romances of Voltaire we found the following passage in the Oriental tale of Zadig. We have copied the original, *verbatim* and followed it up with a faithful version. In this interesting story, as in a mirrour, may be discerned the shadows of "the little old man," with his appendix "the short gun," not forgetting "the small dog," with the very natural conclusion of a "bobtail."

Thus far in sport, but we cannot terminate this article without expressing the utmost contempt for that depraved taste which can relish a composition of this sort.

The polite reader will be edified by the style of our Indian Sage, and he will naturally compare it with the poignant and polished sentences of the French wit. The parallel will completely justify our theory, and demonstrate its correctness. The *Indian* paragraph, though not *artless*, is rude as the rocks of Scandinavia. The passage from Zadig is full of the glory of Invention, and the brightness of Genius; it is embellished by Taste, and consummated by Art. It is the style of Refinement and Civility.

It would be a pity, says the Editor of some *Vermont* Journal not to preserve the following Anecdote, which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be one of the characteristicks of our red brethren of the West.

An Indian, upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking his observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance, he met some persons of whom he inquired, if they had not seen a *little old white man*, with a *short gun*, and accompanied by a *small dog* with a *bobtail?* They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom it appeared he had not seen. "The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height *I* hung it standing on the ground;—that he is an old man I know by his *short* steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man I know by his turning *out*

his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bobtail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

From Zadig.

Il se retira dans un maison de campagne sur les bords de l'Euphrate. Là il ne s'occupait pas à calculer combien de pouces d'eau coulaient en une seconde, sous les arches d'un pont, ou s'il tombait une ligne cube de pluie, dans le mois de la souris, plus que dans le mois du mouton. Il n'imaginait point de faire de la soie avec des toiles d'araignèe, ni de la porcelaine avec des bouteilles cassées; mais il étudia sur tout les propriétés des animaux, et des plants; et il acquit bientôt une sagacité, qui lui dècouvrait mille différences, où les autres hommes ne voient rien que d'uniforme.

Un jour, se promenant auprès d'un petit bois, il vit accourir à lui un eunuque de la Rèine, suivi de plusieurs officièrs, qui parassaient dans la plus grand inquiètude, et qui couraient çà et là, commes des hommes égarés, qui cherchent ce qu'ils ont perdu de plus précieux. "Jeune homme," lui dit le Premier Eunuque, "n'avez vous point vu le chien de la Rèine?" Zadig repondit modestement; "C'est une chienne, et non pas un chien." "Vous avez raison," reprit le Premier Eunuque—"C'est une épagneule très petite," ajouta Zadig; "elle a fait depuis peu, des chiens; elle boite du pièd gauche de devant; et elle a les oreilles très longues."—"Vous l'avez donc vue?" dit le Premier Eunuque, tout essoufflé,—"Non," repondit Zadig, "Je ne l'ai jamais su si la Rèine avait une chienne.

Précisément dans le même temps, par une bizarrèrie de la Fortune, le plus beau cheval de l'écurie du roi s'était échappé des mains d'un palefrenier dans les plaines de Babylone. Le Grand Veneur, et tout les autres officièrs couraient après lui, avec autant d'inquiètude que le Premier Eunuque après la chienne. Le Grand Veneur s'addressa à Zadig, et lui demanda s'il n'avait point vu le cheval du Roi. "C'est," repondit Zadig, "le cheval qui galoppe mieux; il a cinque pièds de haut, le sabot fort petit; il port une queue de trois pièds et demi de long; les bosettes de son mors sont d'or à vingts trois carats; ses fers sont d'argent à onze deniers."—"Quel chemin a-t-il pris? oú est il?" "Je ne l'ai point vu," repondit Zadig, "et je n'en ai jaimais entendu parler."

Le Grand Veneur et le Premier Eunuque ne doutèrent pas, que Zadig n'eût volé le cheval du Roi, et la chienne de la Rèine; ils le firent conduire devant l'assemblée du Grand Desterham, qui le condamna au knout, et à passer la reste de ses jours en Sibèrie. A peine le jugement, fut il rendu qu'on retrouva le cheval et la chienne. Les Juges furent dans la douloureuse nécessité de reformer leur arrêt; mais ils condamnèrent Zadig à payer quatre cents onces d'or, pour avoir dit qu'il n'avoit point vu ce qui'l avait vu; il fallut d'abord payer cette amende, après quoi, il fut permis à Zadig de plaider sa cause au conseil du Grand Desterham; il parla en ces termes:

"Étoiles de Justice, abymes de Science, miroirs de Vérité, qui avez le pesanteur de plomb, la dureté de fer, l'éclat du diamant, et beaucoup d'affinité avec l'or, puisqu'il m'est permis de parler devant cette auguste assemblée, je vous jure par Orasmade, que je n'ai jamais vu la chienne respectable de la Rèine, ni le cheval sacrè du Roi des rois. Voici ce qui m'est arrivé: je me promenais vers le petit bois, où j'ai rencontré, depuis le vénérable Eunuque, et le très illustre Grand Veneur. J'ai vu sur la sable, les traces d'un animal, et j'ai jugè aisément que c'étaient celles d'un petit chien. Des sillons legères et longs imprimés sur de petits eminences de sable, entre les traces des pattes, m'ont fait connaitre que c'était une chienne, dont les mamelles étaient pendantes, et qu'ainsi elle avait fait des petits il y a peu de jours. D'autres traces, en un sens diffèrent, qui parassaient toujours avoir rasé la surface du sable à côté des pattes de devant, m'ont appris qu'elle avait les oreilles très longues; et comme j'ai remarqué que le sable était toujours moins creusé par une patte, que par les trois autres, j'ai compris qui la chienne de notre auguste Rèine était un peu boiteuse, si je l'ose dire.

A l'egard du cheval du Roi des rois, vous saurez que, me promenant dans les routes de ce bois, j'ai apperçu les marques des fers d'un cheval: elles etaient toutes à égales distances. Voilà, ai-je dit, un cheval qui à un galop parfait. La poussière des arbres, dans un route étroite, qui n'a sept pièds de large, etait un peu enlevée à droite et á gauche, à trois pièds et demi du milieu de la route. Ce cheval, ai-je dit, a une queue de trois pièds et demi, qui par ses mouvements de droite, et de gauche, a balayé cette poussière. J'ai vu sous les arbres qui formaient un berçeau de cinque pièds de haut, les feuilles des branches nouvellement tombées; et j'ai connu que le cheval y avait touché, et qu'ainsi il avait cinque pieds de haut. Quant à son mors, il doit être d'or à vingt trois carats, car il en a frotté les bossettes contre une pièrre, que j'ai reconnue être une pièrre de touche, et dont je fais l'essai. J'ai jugé enfin par les marques que ses fers ont laissées sur des cailloux d'une autre espèce, qu'il était ferré d'argent à onze deniers de fin. Tous les Juges admirèrent le profond et subtil discernement de Zadig, &c.

Translation.

He retired to a villa on the banks of the Euphrates. He did not employ himself in computing how many inches of water flow in a second, under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube line of rain in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences, where vulgar mortals see nothing but uniformity.

One day as he was walking near a coppice he saw one of the Queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity and who ran to and fro, like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. Young man, said the first eunuch, hast thou seen the Queen's dog. It is a bitch, replied Zadig with great modesty, and not a dog. Thou art in the right, returned the first eunuch. It is a very small she Spaniel, she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore foot, and has very long ears. Thou hast seen her? said the first Eunuch, quite out of breath. "No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the Queen had a *bitch*.

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of Fortune, the finest horse in the King's stable had escaped from the jockey on the plains of Babylon. The principal Huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the First Eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal Huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the King's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the King's stable," replied Zadig, "he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and a half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny weights" "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief Huntsman." "I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and never heard talk of him before."

The principal Huntsman and the First Eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the King's horse and the Queen's bitch. They, therefore, had him conducted before the assembly of the Grand Desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia. Hardly was the sentence passed when both the horse and the bitch were found. The Judges were under the disagreeable necessity of reversing the sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay, after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the Grand Desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

Ye stars of justice, abyss of Sciences, mirrours of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of Iron, the splendour of the diamond and many of the properties of gold: Since I am permitted to speak before this August Assembly, I swear to you, by Oromades, that I have never seen the Queen's respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the King of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows. I was walking towards a coppice, when I met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand, the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows, impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that, therefore, she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand, near the marks of her fore feet showed me that she had long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our August Queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

With regard to the horse of the King of kings, you will be pleased to know that walking in the lanes of a wood, I observed the marks of a horse's shoes all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees, that formed an arbour five feet in height that the leaves of the branches had recently fallen; whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must, therefore, be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone, which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with Silver eleven deniers fine. All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment, &c.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

Prefixed to Dr. Abercrombie's excellent Lectures, recently published, and which, very deservedly, are liber-

ally commended by many a pious preceptor, is a very earnest and seasonable exhortation, in the form of an Address to Parents, Sponsors and Guardians.—This appeal to the Reason, Religion, and Sensibility of Christians is extremely striking and pathetick. The amiable authour, with great energy, insists upon the importance of a domestick initiation into the principles of piety. He shows that this is too often criminally neglected. He calls with the voice of anxious alarm, upon those who are most deeply interested in this behalf to rouse from this state of supineness, and instruct their tender charge to forsake the vanities of childhood, and inspire them with the fear of God, and a reverence for his commandments.

We have obtained permission to copy this small section of a truly useful and pious performance, and are convinced that if all, who are concerned in the government of young persons, will not merely read, but regard the injunctions of one, whose opinions are certainly entitled to great respect, both as a Teacher and a Divine, both the temporal and Spiritual interests of the rising generation will be VERY ESSENTIALLY CONSULTED.

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AN ADDRESS

TO

PARENTS, SPONSORS, AND GUARDIANS.

Professing Christians !

THE general and truly lamentable inattention of parents with respect to the instruction of their children in religious knowledge, induces the present publication.

It is, indeed, a subject of very alarming and distressing observation to every serious, every real Christian, that the rising generation are so cruelly, so criminally neglected *at home*, as to their spiritual and eternal interests; and that in so high a degree, that it requires not the spirit of prophecy to foretel, that unless an immediate reformation of conduct towards them takes place, they will be a generation of INFIDELS. This assertion is founded not merely upon vague supposition, or groundless apprehension, but upon the irresistible conviction resulting from experience.

Since the first establishment of the Institution over which I still preside, a period of eight years has elapsed; during which I have been in the practice of examining my pupils once every week in the Catechism of that denomination of Christians to which they respectively belonged. The majority have always been Episcopalians; yet of them I have never found, of the aggregate number, five, who, at their entrance into the Academy, could answer any five questions in the Catechism, or who had received any religious instruction, but that which they had occasionally heard in the Church.

Dreadful, cruel inattention! That in a Christian country, children, many of them youths of fifteen years, the offspring of parents calling themselves Christians, should at that age, be as ignorant of the principles of the Christian religion, as the savage that roams the wilderness!

O Parents, Sponsors, Guardians! Awake from your spiritual lethargy! Rouse yourselves from your infatuated devotion to worldly objects; your criminal, fatal indifference to the spiritual and eternal welfare of those whom Providence hath placed immediately under *your* authority and direction. Blush at your deficiency—and tremble at the consideration of the unavoidable, the awful consequences which *must* result both to you and to them therefrom. Can such inattention be reconciled with *real* affection, and a sincere regard for either their temporal or eternal interest? Remember, that their souls are in *your* hands—and that their souls are *immortal*. Return not the talent unimproved, to God who gave it to you.

——————"Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing vengeance—O be wise,
Nor make a *curse* of *immortality*.
Say, know ye what it is?—or what *ye* are?
Know ye th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold the midnight glory; worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp!—Redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more,
Then weigh the whole,—*One* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent Creation, poor."

Young's Night Thoughts, N. 7.

Consider the high degree of responsibility attached to your characters—consider the powerful operation of habit—the important influence of *early* impressions upon the human mind—and, awful reflection! that the eternal salvation, or the perdition of the children entrusted to your guidance may, and probably will, depend upon the principles and opinions they imbibe in their youthful years; for

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Teach them, therefore, in the very dawn of their existence to fear God, and to keep his commandments—to love him as the giver of

life, and of every good gift to man—Tell them that they are *rational* beings, and consequently accountable for their thoughts, words, and actions. Tell them that they are *immortal* beings, that this world is a state of probation, and that their happiness or misery in the next state of existence will depend upon the desires of the heart here, and "the deeds done in the body."* Lead them, therefore, in the way to Heaven. Instruct them by your precepts, and persuade them by the powerful influence of EXAMPLE. Endeavour to convince them of the value of Time, of its rapid and irrevocable flight, and the inconceivable reward or punishment which will hereafter await the improvement or neglect of so invaluable a talent—That their future respectability or insignificance in society, the comfort or misery of their parents, the soothing approbation or the bitter reproaches of their own conscience, and the nature of their condition in the world of spirits, will probably be derived from the principles they form, and the habits they acquire at the *commencement* of the journey of human life—That a compliance with the duties and claims of Religion, is in no degree incompatible with the enjoyment of the innocent amusements and virtuous pleasure of social life, but, on the contrary will increase and refine that enjoyment—That the native dignity of Virtue, and the commanding authority of true Piety, will ever procure the veneration, esteem, and affection of the wise and good; and as invariably repress the insolence of folly, and repel the disgusting ebullition of vulgarity and vice.

By frequently offering such suggestions as these, you will familiarize their minds to the contemplation of divine truth, and induce the performance of their religious obligations.

Thus will you discharge your duty to them, to society, and to God: and thus will you render them blessings to the world, and heirs of eternal felicity and glory.

One of the leading causes of the deplorable deficiency of religious character in our youth is, the general neglect of the proper observance of the Sabbath; and their absence from the publick worship of God.

This disregard of so positive, so important a duty arises,

First, from *your* cruel omission to instil into their minds, proper sentiments of religion, of the comfort it bestows, of the duties it enjoins, and of the inestimable blessing which it offers.

Secondly, from the baneful influence of *your* irreligious example in absenting yourselves from his sacred Temple, on the day which God hath hallowed to his own peculiar service.

No wonder, indeed, that infidelity and profligacy, a disregard of God, and an apparent contempt for his publick worship, prevail, when *parents* are many of them *rarely*, some of them *never* seen within the walls of the Sanctuary; when on that sacred day they are rioting in luxury, amused by dissipation, dozing in indolence, or immersed in business; attending "one to his farm, another to his merchandize"†—who, so far from calling upon their children to accompany them to the house of God, and to unite with them there in prayer and praise, never either in publick or private pray *for* them or *with* them—who suffer them to grow up "without God in the world;"† notwithstanding the solem promises made to God at their baptism, that they should be "instructed in all the principles of the Christain faith, and brought up in the fear of God, and to obey his holy will and commandments,"‡ in order to enable them to resist the allurements of an ensnaring world, the wiles of their great spiritual enemy, and the seductions of their depraved inclinations: for the want of which promised instruction, so many "having no root in themselves,"§ are easily born down by the torrent of sensuality, and intoxicated by the inebriating poison of modern Philosophy, "deny the faith as it is in Jesus," and thereby

"Wipe off the blessed Cross as a foul blot
"From their dishonoured brow.
"If Angels tremble!—'tis at such a sight."

Parents, Sponsors, Guardians! Is the Christian Religion a delusion, and the Word of God a lie? Are its promises and threatenings unworthy of your regard? Believe ye the divine authenticity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the declarations of the son of God himself, of the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel? I know that ye *believe*: Why then will ye not obey? "Why will ye die?"||—Why will ye be accessory to the spiritual death of those committed to your care! Would to God I could persuade you to be Christians, in deed and in truth, as well as by profession?—That I could awaken and direct your attention to the most important—the *spiritual* interests of your children!—That I could convince you of *your* perilous situation, and withdraw you from the precipice upon which you are carelessly slumbering. Remember, that however their plea of involuntary ignorance, while under *your* care, may, at the inevitable day of judgment, induce the mercy of God towards *them*—your *voluntary* disregard of their immortal souls will assuredly occasion *your condemnation*," when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God, and who obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the

* Rom. 2. 6.

* Mat. 22. 5. † Eph. 2 12.
‡ See Catechism. § Mark 4. 17.
|| Ezek. 18. 31.

Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, in that day."*

Seeing, brethren, that these things are so, ought ye not to fear?—ought ye not "to consider your ways?"†—ought ye not to "weep for yourselves and for *your children?* for, behold the days are coming, in the which," O negligent Parents? "ye shall say, blessed are the barren, and the wombs which never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall you begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us."‡

These remonstrances, I am sensible, are superfluous, and in no degree applicable to *some* of the characters who may peruse them: the number, however, of *faithful* stewards, with respect to the rising generation, is, I fear, so very small, as to render a discriminating clause unnecessary. The assertions are founded in truth: and the unerring voice of Conscience will direct their proper application.

With sincere and ardent prayers, that my feeble exertions to promote the salvation of souls may be blessed with success,

I am,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

D'Israeli on the manners and genius of the literary character.

Among the polished, the polite, and the witty scholars of Great Britain few are more distinguished for vivacity of thought, and brilliancy of expression, than Mr. D'ISRAELI, a very elegant and versatile authour, who has particularly distinguished himself in the formation of those beautiful garlands for which the wits of France and Italy are so eminent; where the Graces arrange those lovely flowers, which Taste herself has selected. By far, the most original, ingenious, amusing, and eloquent of his productions, is an Essay on the manners and genius of the literary character. This is almost the only performance from the pen of Mr. D'Israeli, that has not been snatched with avidity by our booksellers, for republication. We recommend it very strongly, as a work that would be not only an object of sale, but of liberal curiosity. It abounds in anecdote. The style is in the authour's best manner; and men of letters, whether they consider this little volume, as a defence or an apology, will be grateful for his Justice, or delighted with his Address. It is, undoubtedly, the most acute analysis of the peculiarities of the studious, and the liveliest picture of sequestered genius, that has ever been exhibited. The artist, who is himself an Authour by profession, and whose motto, from his infancy, has always been *vacare literis*, is peculiarly well qualified for the delicate and delightful task he has undertaken. He paints himself, and he paints his brethren; and his likenesses essentially resemble sometimes those of Sir Peter Lely, and sometimes those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

American edition of Tibullus.

In the course of the past summer, Mr. L. M. Sargent, a young gentleman of Boston, of respectable Poetical and Classical attainments, issued proposals for publishing by subscription, an elegant and correct edition of the works of TIBULLUS, in which the text is proposed to be regulated by a careful collation of the best editions, and is to be accompanied by the various readings, the biography of the Poet, and such notes as are absolutely necessary to the student. The praise worthy editor, in his address to the publick remarks very justly:

It has often been lamented, that, in this country, excepting those few of the ancient classicks, which are partially read in schools and colleges, very little attention is paid to the Greek and Roman authours. Many reasons have been assigned for this material defect in education, and, among others, none more plausible than the careless manner, in which these branches of learning are taught in our Universities.—

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* 2 Thes. 7. 10. † Hag. 1. 5.
‡ Luke 23. 28—16.

There can be no doubt respecting this particular cause; but the scarcity of classical authours, in this country, is a reason, equally efficient, in giving rise to the above complaint. If the subscriber can, in the least degree, afford a remedy for the present evil, by presenting the literary part of the community with a cheap, correct, and elegant edition of the works of Tibullus, he will be thereby amply recompensed, for the trouble, attending the execution of his design.

A project so spirited and so useful, we hope will be sufficiently seconded. The editor requires but 500 subscribers to justify the attempt and the price demanded which is only a dollar is a very trifling premium in exchange for the works of a Roman Knight, the contemporary and the friend of Ovid. How grateful to every lover of the muses to call a Tibullus our own, who has been pronounced the Poet of sentiment, and the Prince of elegy, whose style is so elegant, whose taste so pure, and whose composition so irreproachable, that he is superiour to all his rivals. Criticism declares that he has a secret charm of expression which translation cannot reach, but which can only be understood by the heart.—Taste affirms that he had a particular relish for those rural delights which so well accord with the passion of love, and that in elegy he deserves the palm of unrivalled excellence. Though gentle he is not dull; though humble he is not mean. The sympathy of the reader ever attends him. He speaks to our souls when he describes his own, and is almost the only poet, who has been able to arrive at fame, by singing of his pleasures. The labour of composition was to him a new enjoyment, because it was the delightful task of painting the scenes through which he had passed. He had more than one mistress. Delia is the first object of his affection and inspires the sweetest of his songs; but Nemesis and Neæra replaced her in their turns. He had the happy art of attaching those to whom he was himself attached; the two former attended his funeral, and exhibited unequivocal symptoms of genuine sorrow.

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Oddy's European Commerce.

This instructive work, which Mr. J. Humphreys has recently published, forms two large octavos, and is sold at the very moderate price of three dollars. It is certainly one of the cheapest books, that has ever been printed in America. This is a practical, useful, and perspicuous performance. All the critical Journals of Great Britain harmonize in praise of the authour, who is described as a man of intelligence, with the liberal views of a scholar, and the practical aims of the merchant. His sagacity is the steady companion of a sound Judgment. His premises are correct, and his inference undeniable. Mr. Humphreys very justly observes in his proposals for this profound work, which contains a treasury of important facts, and a body of just principles, that as the country, the trade and commerce of which is chiefly the subject of this book, is at present, the unhappy seat of miserable war, it is impossible to say how far those parts of Europe which have hitherto enjoyed the benefits of its immense trade, or America, may be affected by the issue. But surely it must improve the mind of every reflecting American merchant that he may be materially interested in the event and, therefore that the knowledge to be attained from this work may prove the source of business of immense value to him, even as well as to his country.

We think that a work of this description, calculated not for the temporary purposes of the politician, nor to protract the reveries of the speculative, not confined to the meridian of scholars and statesmen, but addressed alone to the reason and *interest* of the merchant and manufacturer, cannot fail of success in this great commercial capital.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

FROM "THE ART OF PUNNING."

Q. Who was the first drawer?

A. Potifer.

Q. Where did the first Hermaphrodites come from?

A. Middlesex.

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?

A. Barkshire.

Q. What men are the best soldiers?

A. Red haired men; because they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why are Dissenters, &c. called vermin?

A. Because they are *in-sects*.

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powell, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear. A few days after, the former having lost his snuff-box, was making strict inquiry if any body had seen his box. "What," said another of the theatrical punsters, that which George Powell gave you the other night?"

MORTUARY.

Departed this life on the 24th ult. in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH DRINKER, the wife of Henry Drinker, Esq. a lady whose sweetness of disposition and singular propriety of conduct, endeared her through life, to all who had the happiness of knowing her. In her youth she possessed uncommon personal beauty, which the gentleness of her temper preserved, in a great degree, to the last; for her countenance was a perfect index of a mind, whose feelings were all attuned to harmony. She had received an education much superiour to what was common for young ladies in this country, sixty years ago; and the writer of this article, can most feelingly attest, how much her conversation abounded with proofs, that "the heart of the wise teacheth the mouth, and addeth learning to the lips." Her chief happiness consisted in the discharge of her domestick duties; and in every part of her conduct, she might be pointed out, as an example of the affectionate wife and tender mother. At the same time that she was perfectly free from all bigotry of sentiment, or narrowness of feeling, she was a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and studiously inculcated them into the minds of her childen, not only as a rock of salvation in another world, but as a harbour of refuge from the cares and afflictions of this. Her fondness for literature she always retained, and, for many years, amused herself with recording in the evening, her reflections during the day. In a diary, which she kept nearly from the time of her marriage to the evening preceding her last illness, it may safely be asserted, that there is not to be found a single misrepresentation, or illiberal observation; for her words flowed from her heart, and that was a source which was ever pure and serene. In truth, to no one can be applied, with more perfect propriety, the inspired language of the Scriptures, that "Her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace."

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